After The Snow

by Love is Nothing

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Summary: Really only random ruminations...in other words, just a random idea of mine, set in the Haibane world. Probably only a

oneshot.

After The Snow

Disclaimer: Firekeeper and Haibane are not mine. I only borrow them for some fun.

My face is cold, so cold. I can feel snow settling gently on my face. When I blink, I see small snow flurries as I disturbed the flakes settling on my eyes. Footsteps are approaching, from all sides. Warmth. My arms, legs, and sides are warm. I feel someone licking the snow from my face. I sense they, whoever they are, are sad. They tell me "Don't go. We need you too much." I don't want to disappoint them. But I have to go. I can't stay any longer. I can no longer feel the cold on my face. The warmth at my sides is melting into nothingness. I can no longer feel...

I'm floating. Strange, I remember being so cold. Now I'm being held up and I'm warm. I finger the garment I'm wearing. Different from what I remember wearing...isn't it? I can't remember anything. I try, but nothing comes from the darkness in my mind. Panicking, I swim in this liquid, grasping, seeking a way out of this nightmare. I would rather be cold. Why can't I remember? Suddenly, my hand touches something that isn't liquid, nor is it quite solid. It feels so soft, comforting. Curling against it, I realize I'm still tired. I think I'll go back to sleepâ€|

I can hear voices. But I can't understand them. Whatever I'm curled up against is muffling the sound. I press my ear closer to the $\hat{a} \in |\text{wall} \hat{a} \in |\text{and}|$ try to hear what they are saying. I wonder where I am, where the $\hat{a} \in |\text{thing} \hat{a} \in |\text{I'm in is}$. The dream of the cold is fading away, but it doesn't bother me. The new voices are more interesting.

I listen for a while, curious. I still can't understand them, whoever they are. The wall gives when I push on it. Strange. Maybe it will break if I push hard enough, but there is nothing to push off of. The voices are leaving, maybe I should go back to sleep. So tired $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{R}$

The cocoon in the old storage room is an oddity. Most of us were born in about a week, and this one has been there for almost a month. We found it when it was just a sprout and it took nearly two and a half weeks for it to grow to normal size. Maybe whoever is in doesn't want to leave. But it doesn't make sense. Who would want to stay in that liquid world? Maybe we can figure it out after lunch.

It's been another week. I can't take this anymore. Why won't the new Haibane hatch? I don't get it. From what I've seen, the cocoons usually take about a week to hatch. What's so different about this newborn? I've been pacing back and forth in front of the cocoon for a few days now. I'm going to wear a hole in the floor. I need to stop obsessing like this and go make lunchâ€!

I don't know why, but I feel that I shouldn't leave here, wherever here is. I feel like I am needed somewhere, like I should be doing something else, something other than sleeping here. In all honesty, I'm bored. There is nothing to do here, and the voices haven't come back yet. I can't get through the walls. There is a layer of goo on the walls that I can pull off, but the walls themselves are too hard for me to break. I've been scratching at them for who knows how long now and I haven't made any difference in them.

Finally cracks are appearing in the wall. Just a little more and I will be free of this place. I wonder where I will end up?

I was walking down the corridor to the storage room with the new cocoon when I heard it: the sound of rushing liquid. The cocoon must have hatched! I started to run to see if I was right. No one can see anything in this gloom; we really need to put in more lights. Anyway, as I neared the storage room, I began to slip in the liquid on the floor that was leaking out of the room. I was right. I'll call the others later, after I see to the newborn. I opened the door to see the newborn, looking fairly shocked, propped up with her elbows on the floor. After blinking at me a few times, she collapsed. I hurried to her side, picked her up, and carried her to the new "guest" bedroom. We really furnished it specifically with the newborn in mind, but after she grows her wings and gets her halo, she can look for her own

I wake up in a bed wondering where I am now. I remember breaking out of thatâ€|place and seeing a girl with a light above her headâ€|then I remember nothing. No clues to how I got to be lying here in a bed

anyway. The bed is so soft. I just want to lie here and sleep…

I can hear voices interrupting my dreams. I was dreaming of snow again. I want to go back. The voices are talking about me. Finally curiosity got the better of my desire to go back to sleep and I open my eyes. Several girls, all with haloes and wings, are standing or sitting around my bed. They start introducing themselves, but I don't catch all of the strange names. Their names mean nothing to me, but maybe I can ask them later, if I get a chance. I want to tell them my name, but I find that I can't remember. Strange, I wonder why? Now they are asking if I had any dreams. Of course I have had dreams. Or do they mean only the recent one of the snow? I decide to tell them about the snow, even though the dream is fuzzy and indistinct. I don't remember much, but I'll tell them anyway. They all look at each other and start suggesting different weird names for me. One of them sees my confused look and explains that none of them remember their names either, and they use the dreams to name themselves. Finally, the girls settle on the name 'Yuki', because the only thing I remember is snow. They are friendly, and I am warm. I smile at them. I think I'll like it here.

AN: If you couldn't tell, this is a Firekeeper/Haibane crossover. I had an idea of where to go with this, but I lost it somewhere, so this will probably forever remain a oneshot.

End file.